

## New York Tribune

First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements.

TUESDAY, MAY 30, 1916.

Owned and published daily by The Tribune Association, a New York corporation, with headquarters at 150 Nassau Street, New York.

Subscription Rates: By Mail, Postage Paid outside of Greater New York.

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## Unhappy Greece.

With Bulgarian soldiers on her soil Greece's farce-comedy of neutrality has ceased to be farce-comedy. It has turned to grim and cheerless tragedy.

Neutrality, as Greece has practised it for many months past, has been subjected to much elastic definition. French and British troops occupied the Salonica district last fall and have held it ever since. The defeated Serbian armies were reorganized on Corfu and other Greek islands, and have now been transported around to Salonica. The Allied occupation was an entirely friendly one, and was justified in large measure by an informal invitation from the former Venizelos government. King Constantine has written at the presence of the Allied forces on Greek soil, but, lacking the support of his people, he has not ventured to do anything more than issue ineffectual diplomatic protests.

It is beyond question that he would confine himself to similar empty protests in case German or Austro-Hungarian soldiers invaded Greece. He is pro-German and the Greek people are not violently anti-German or anti-Austrian. But when it comes to a violation of Greek sovereignty by the Bulgars—the inveterate enemies and most dangerous rivals of the Greeks in the Aegean littoral—the most strained interpretation of the Greek government's doctrine of passive neutrality fails to mollify national passion or to save national pride.

Greece acquired Salonica and the region beyond it to Kavala and Drama at the expense of Bulgaria. The Bulgars sold themselves to the Teutonic alliance in order to recoup the losses of the Second Balkan War. Every Greek knows this, and the universal fear and hatred of Bulgaria make it impossible for King Constantine and his quasi-constitutional government to maintain the pretence of dignified, though bored, acquiescence in Bulgaria's seizure of positions on Greek soil held by Greek troops.

The King's neutrality policy—at all times a counsel of timidity and narrow opportunism—is now bankrupt. It threw away the great chance which the courageous and farsighted Venizelos was willing to take in the early spring of 1915. It eschewed future gains and sought to capitalize immediate profits. It broke faith with Serbia in order to keep Greece out of war. But it has not prevented economic loss and political eclipse.

Greece's fortunes are tied up with the war almost as much as if she were an actual participant in it, yet she has lost for good and all the opportunity of figuring in the adjustments following the war except as a suppliant, to whom the winners, despising her faint-heartedness, are willing to scatter a few surplus crumbs.

Greece had a statesman who saw the golden opportunity. But she also had a King who could not see it. She followed Constantine, the over-canny, instead of Venizelos, the imaginative and heroic. Her heart was never with the King. Still she drifted along with him in his policy of quietism and passivity.

Poor Greece! What have her sacrifices for the sake of preserving a shadow of neutrality profited her? Will she be able to travel to the end of the humiliating road marked out for her by a monarch who remained deaf and obtuse when the hour of destiny struck?

## Where the Public Comes In.

The retort of the Manufacturers' Protective Association to the group of Columbia professors who condemn the lockout of the garment workers as unjust and a "public calamity" is approximately the same reply it made to the group of eminent citizens who, with Mayor Mitchell, sought to mediate at the very beginning of the present trouble—that they knew nothing of the situation, since they aren't clothing makers. Behind that lies the inference that it's none of their business, anyhow, coupled with the flat assertion that the lockout will continue.

It seems absurd, in this day and age, that a group of men as shrewd as the cloak and suit manufacturers should be unable to understand, as apparently they are, that this lockout-strike is everybody's business. A situation which suspends operations in so large a business and throws from 50,000 to 60,000 operatives out of work affects the entire community. It becomes the public's business—particularly the public's business when lack of work produces evictions and want, sends ill and starving individuals to the hospitals and fosters a tendency to violence and riot. It is the right of the public, or any section of it, to investigate this situation, and to express its opinion, in its wisdom, on the elements which thrust such a burden on the public.

The fact, plain and inescapable, remains that the manufacturers broke off negotiations with the workers' representatives and declared a lockout, refusing further proffers of mediation. It may offend them to have "outsiders" refer to that as the basis of the trouble, and it may grieve them to have so many instances of the fact that public opinion is against them because

of their course. They would have none of this censure to contend with if they had not smashed the protocol and asserted their preference for violence rather than reason.

## James J. Hill.

The story of James J. Hill's life might be written, in the style so popular in the early '80s, under the title "From Ploughboy to Plutocrat." And for moral it might be said that he was a good ploughboy and a good plutocrat. His was more, however, than the story of the boy who made good and eventually rose to fame and fortune. In serving himself he served others. He had that rare thing called public spirit, a compound of old-fashioned conscience and keen vision, which enabled him, while advancing the financial interests of himself and the group of men working with him, to carry out plans of lasting benefit to scores of communities and scores of thousands of individuals.

Mr. Hill's enduring fame will be based on the fact that he was a railroad builder, not a railroad looter. That is not to say that as his railroad mileage grew the capitalization did not grow also. But his railroad enterprises were not "streaks of rust" across a continent, represented in Wall Street by handsomely engraved certificates which were the counters in stock gambling. His enterprises were actual railroads, linking growing communities with new country to be built up into growing communities, carrying grain and livestock to mill and market, prospering not on the manipulation of brokers and the artificial rigging of prices, but thriving as the country they served thrived, increasing in value as the wealth of the region they tapped grew and became a steady, measurable economic quantity.

In Hill the railroad man always remained the experience and shrewd wisdom of Hill the boy who had followed the tail of the plough. He knew the value of wheat to the world, and not of wheat alone, but of the livestock which can be fattened on grain and, yielding a good profit, still leave workable capital in the soil. He knew that any railroad which could give satisfaction to its customers in carrying the produce of the Northwest need never worry about dividends if it were run honestly. And, to his everlasting credit be it said, long before Brandeis appeared to preach the truth about railroad operating costs to skeptical railroad operators James J. Hill placed the cost of operating the Great Northern at less than 50 per cent of its gross earnings.

Probably because Mr. Hill was recognized by the general public to be unlike some of his railroad competitors, to have a knowledge not bounded by Wall Street and the London Stock Exchange, his utterances on business and economic conditions were always listened to with interest and, despite their sometimes rather sensational character, with respect. He was best appreciated in the Northwest, which he helped to make, and, making, made himself. But he was a man of whom all America might well be proud.

## The Quiet Country Life.

Those carping neighbors in Montclair whose souls are rasped by the noise of a few peacocks give themselves away. No hardened commuters there, but tenderfeet from a great city, accustomed to the cloistered quiet of elevated trains and flat-wheeled streetcars and rattly milk wagons. By life thus softened, they moved into the rural districts with the pathetic faith of darkest ignorance. They actually expected that such minor uproar as had enveloped them would now vanish into nothingness, a soothing, suburban vacuum, with only an alarm clock set for 7:15 separating them from Nirvana.

How sadly wide of the mark such faith is any commuter (once convinced that he is not a possible purchaser of his house, garage, lot and garden) can explain. Any experienced week-end rider will do almost as well. There is more steady, reliable uproar in Manhattan; outstanding, suburbanizing, intermittent noise is the suburban specialty. You have a full orchestra playing in concert by your New York pillow. In Montclair, or any other choice rural retreat, you have the same instruments, but blaring at intervals, one by one. First, an Erie locomotive bassoon. Then a little solo by your left-hand neighbor's White Orpington rooster—a cadenza on a scrawny cello. The soothing flute of an owl almost puts you to sleep when the guests of the right-hand neighbor go home for the night, cranking their flivver with a roar of kettledrums and clashing cymbals beside which a Strauss symphony and forty-three peacocks are as the silent moon and stars.

No. The gentle suburb reeks with health; it is a marvellous crèche and the one friendly and human method of enclosing yourself within working distance of a great city. But it is not quiet. Tuck yourself securely in your Harlem flat if truly rural calm is the goal above all else before you.

## The President's Kindred Spirit.

There is an unmistakable chilliness in the foreign comments on President Wilson's address before the League to Enforce Peace. With a single notable exception, his critics, whether French or British, treat his proposals slightly, and often with but a bare show of courtesy. The notable exception is "The Daily News" of London. Here the President has discovered a kindred spirit, and the outspoken enthusiasm of "The Daily News" should comfort him and make amends for the utter lack of warmth and friendliness in the rest of the press of London and Paris. "The Daily News" alone recognizes that it was a speech "pregnant of possibilities"; it is the only important paper that believes that by this speech the President "brings Utopia into relation with the actual," and, contrary to the general opinion, holds that the proposals set forth by him, instead of being vague or ridiculous, "are rich in hope for averting many threatened wars of the future."

Considering its source, this opinion is profoundly gratifying. It must be remem-

bered that nearly two years ago Europe went mad. Since then it cannot be held to ordinary standards of responsibility; hence it would be idle seriously to consider the judgment of the common run of European editors on a sane and sober discussion of world problems. But the editor of "The Daily News," of London, is an exception. He escaped the European contagion and was never even temporarily insane. When feeling in England was running high in the early days of the war he did the best he could to persuade his countrymen that they had nothing to do with the quarrel, that it was a matter that did not concern their own immediate interests and that if only they would drop Belgium and France they might make a mint of money by trading.

He put the case as plainly before them as a sane man could, saying:

"If we remain neutral we should be, from a commercial point of view, in precisely the same position as the United States. We should be able to trade with all the belligerents (so far as the war allows trade with them); we should be able to capture the bulk of their trade in neutral markets; we should keep our expenditure down; we should keep out of debt; we should have healthy finances."

Could any man have spoken more soberly, more thoughtfully? It was not his fault if England went mad with the rest of Europe. It was not his fault that the health of her finances was impaired. And it will not be his fault if Europe fails to fall in with the President's idea of Utopia.

## The New Generation.

There are few enough who fought in the '60s marching to-day. We have still a generation living which heard the story from the lips of men who made those years great. But there is a new generation coming up to which the last great war the nation fought is a history book lesson. They see more truly since the last touch of passion and sectionalism has been put behind. But do they see vividly? Can they picture and understand all the high emotions which marched behind the flag in those years of war?

We hope and believe that they can and do. It is the way of youth, its ever fresh gift to life, that material habits, well-worn comforts and satisfied ease rest lightly on its heart and will. Its sight leaps far and distance warms as it hazes. It is young men and women who have given most to the nation they loved in the great war of Europe to-day. And we like to feel that here at home it is the younger generation which will be first to see across the years of peace to the crucial days when life ceased to be something to be husbanded with selfish care and became a gift, rich or small as you cared to say, but all you had to give the mother you loved best.

We have not lost faith in our great democratic state of peace and plenty; but we are beginning to feel that peace and plenty, in themselves, are not enough. We are slowly awakening to the truth of 1860, to the truth of 1775, that peace is great and good only when it is built on right and that no nation can live which places wealth or ease above justice and honor. The building of right foundations within our states has grown slowly, is advancing, and must continue. But new duties, a new world, beckon. It is our duty to make our nation ready to speak for right among her equals. Courage and service are her call. Is there young or old who will not answer?

## Drum-Taps.

Beat! Beat! Drums! Beat! beat! drums—blow! bugles! blow! Through the windows—through doors—burst in a ruthless force, Into the solemn church, and scatter the congregation; Into the school where the scholar is studying; Leave not the bridegroom quiet—no happiness must he have now with his bride, Nor the peaceful farmer any peace, ploughing his field or gathering his grain; So fierce you whirr and pound you drums—so shrill you bugles blow.

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow! Make no parley—stop! for no exhortation, Mind not the timid—mind not the weeper or prayer, Mind not the old man beseeching the young man, Let not the child's voice be heard, nor the mother's entreaties, Make even the trestles to shake the dead where they lie awaiting the hearses, So strong you thump, O terrible drums—so loud you bugles blow.

Long, too long, America, Travelling roads all even and peaceful you learn'd of joys and prosperity only, But now, ah now, to learn from crises of anguish, advancing, grappling with direct fate and recoiling not, And now to consecrate show to the world what your children en-masse really are, (For who except myself has yet conceived what your children en-masse really are?)

## Reconciliation.

Word over all, beautiful as the sky, Beautiful that war and all its deeds of carnage must in time be utterly lost, That the hands of the sisters Death and Night incessantly softly wash again, and ever again, this soiled world; For my enemy is dead, a man divine as myself I look where he lies white-faced and still in the coffin—I draw near, Bend down and touch lightly with my lips the white face in the coffin.

## Row Solemn as One by One.

Washington City, 1865. How solemn as one by one, As the ranks returning worn and sweaty, as the men file by where I stand, As the faces studying the marks (As I glance upward out of this page studying you, dear friend, whoever you are), How solemn the thought of my whispering soul to each in the ranks, and to you, I see behind each mask that wonder a kindred soul, O the bullet could never kill what you really are, dear friend, Nor the bayonet stab what you really are; The soul! yourself I see, great as any, good as the best, Waiting secure and content, which the bullet could never kill, Nor the bayonet stab, O friend, WALT WHITMAN.

## A DEMOCRAT FOR ROOSEVELT

## His Virility and Clear Vision Win a Voter Humiliated by the Administration.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: As a Democrat by training and by generations of inherited tradition, may I be permitted to express my attitude toward the Republican nomination for President?

The vague dreaming, the wilful ignoring of facts, the failure to grasp the real meaning of this war and the criminal weakness of this Administration in upholding the rights of its citizens have caused me such deep shame and humiliation that I can never again vote the Democratic ticket.

It remains to be seen if the Republicans will rise above petty politics to serve the nation and make it possible for me to support them. After ten years' residence on the Continent of Europe I have returned to America more of a patriot than when I left, and more than ever convinced that only by an aroused national spirit, solidified and made effective, are we to endure as a nation. A knowledge of the intense national feeling in all the nations of Europe would convince anybody that a nation which is such a passive "champion" of the rights of humanity, such a sweet-voiced singer of the virtues of peace and so intoxicated by the beatific visions of its own conjuring that it sees not the precipice at its feet can never preserve itself against their ardent and active patriotism.

The issue to-day is Americanism, Preparedness and the Hyphenates. It matters not that a man thinks right on these questions. Does he also feel what he thinks? And does he feel it with his whole heart and soul to the extent of sacrificing himself to the cause?

If the Republicans make the race on the above issues why do they wish to confide their banner to Hughes, Root or others of a judicial, passive temperament? They are not different from Wilson. The Democrats have no man of the requisite calibre and temperament and the Republicans have but one. Will they sacrifice the nation to their party squabbles or will they rise to the occasion and save the country by the nomination of Roosevelt, our one and only statesman of virility and clear vision, who thinks and expresses himself in terms that other nations can understand?

His farseeing attitude and the courage of his utterances since the beginning of this war should endear him to every true American. I have always been against him (for which I now humbly apologize) and have never voted the Republican ticket. This year I shall do so if Roosevelt be the nominee. Otherwise I shall not vote, there being no choice between the other candidates. Roosevelt's great crime, according to the leaders, is that he bolted the party which they represented. As a non-partisan I should accuse them of being the real criminals in thwarting the sentiment of their party, as evidenced by the nearly a million more votes cast for Roosevelt than for Taft. Let them not again deny the one man capable of arousing the enthusiasm of the people and of creating a national spirit—our most vital need—"One for all and all for one."

SEYMOUR BULKLEY.

New York, May 23, 1916.

## Honors to Plotters.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The press of this city has commented with indignation on the decoration of Captain Karl Boy-Ed by the Kaiser. To our mind the matter might have justified both more comment and more indignation. The honor to Boy-Ed after his exposure here was nothing less than a deliberate insult to our government. It also served as a vent to German spleen at having to make concessions to us. But though we may be indignant we surely cannot be surprised.

What should surprise us, however, is that in this very community, in the hall of a great university, at a patriotic meeting held under the auspices of an organization of high standing, there should be included in the list of speakers another German captain who had been implicated in a criminal plot against our neutrality. I refer to Captain Ewald Hecker, who spoke from the platform of Earl Hall last Thursday under the auspices of the Academy of Political Science. Captain Hecker was named in connection with the Welland Canal plot in the "Who's Who" appended to the sworn statement of Captain Horst von der Goltz. The exact reference follows: "Hecker (Captain) Ewald—released by the British on parole to stay in New York; knew of scheme and assisted."

Captain Hecker has not yet been indicted, although others mentioned in the same list are now awaiting trial. But he stands under serious suspicion of a heinous crime against our government.

Such an honor could have been paid to him as to appear on the same programme with distinguished and patriotic men strikes us as far more serious than the honor paid to Boy-Ed by his master. If the community were not deplorably lacking in proper public sentiment such a thing would have been impossible.

CHARLOTTE HOLMES CRAWFORD.

Brooklyn, May 21, 1916.

## Taxicabs as Lawbreakers.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Is there no way in which the drivers of taxis may be made to respect the law? Both pedestrians and drivers of private machines with their occupants are in constant danger.

I have spoken to several private chauffeurs about this, and they all agree that the taxi drivers are the original lawbreakers. The taxicabs come thundering down side streets, running headlong across the avenues, regardless of the fact that the machines going north and south have the right of way unless otherwise indicated by the traffic police. This inattention, or, rather, an absolute disregard of the law, not only endangers lives, but it furthers an extravagance of gasoline and tire wear, besides endangering the machines. It makes no difference if a taxicab is smashed or scratched, for a dab of paint and a hammer and nail cover a multitude of sins on a taxi.

Will the higher authorities might notice these things and see to it that the law is more rigidly enforced.

AVERY STRAKOSCH.

New York, May 23, 1916.

## Nominate Roosevelt.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I have been a Republican all my life and voted for Taft four years ago.

Today I am for Roosevelt for President, because I believe he can and will do more for the nation than any other man.

If the delegates to the nominating convention do not hear from the people, how are they to know their sentiments? I feel as though I would like to register mine, and would suggest that you publish their names and addresses, so that all who so desire can do the same.

May I suggest a slogan for the convention: "Secure your country—Nominate Roosevelt!"

For the people!

"Serve your country—Vote for Roosevelt!"

H. M. SUGDEN.

New York, May 23, 1916.

## WESTERN APATHY

## A Cry for Help from Opponents of All Preparedness.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Forty years ago Matthew Arnold described the German reasoning as apathy. Would he not now apply the same term to German sympathizers in this country, could he look upon the wild way in which "loyal" Americans are aiding the conspirators here to accomplish their purposes? A handful of Mexicans, armed to and for the task by German agents (since decorated by the Kaiser for their services in America), invade our house and assassinate peaceful dwellers therein; and because there was none to defend or to resist and to punish the brutes by this time a hundred others have died, and 10,000 soldiers, enrolled to defend our Eastern and Northern states, are likely to be hurried thousands of miles away from their posts, to do the work which in the beginning might have been done by fifty citizens trained in self-defense.

Do those in New York who shout for inaction realize what they are doing? Is there not ample reason for supposing them to be acting under the captaincy of German paid emissaries who seek to dispatch our necessary militia and regular forces to the Mexican line in order to surprise us by completing their designs upon the Canadian border? No one not willingly blind can now fail to see the dangers to which the strange hesitations of the Chief Magistrate of this country have exposed us. In every state contiguous to Canada labor troubles are being stirred up to distract attention from the conspirators, still at work, and all the more securely because those who formerly led them have been momentarily lallied.

"Preparedness" at this late day? Pray God it may not be the struggle of a desperate self and national defence against anarchistic slaughter, for we are face to face with blood-thirsty Samsons who seek to pull down the pillars of the world with them as they fall, raging, under the opprobrium of the world.

The great majority of those who oppose the increasing of our army and navy, even at this late day, who are trying to prevent the training of our men for such defence, come from the West and Middle States. From their neighbor comes the cry for help. What right have we to give it when it means the blood of our soldiers?

I, as one American, ask why our New York and New England militia should be called upon to leave their posts here to defend the Southern frontier? They are needed here to guard our Northern borders; to guard our wharves, our water supplies, our railways, our public buildings, our factories; to hold in restraint the discontented, because armed, hordes of foreign laborers; to guard against the unknown which the devilish ingenuities of the desperate Teutons are busy concocting to overthrow modern civilization.

Will not you in your columns protest against the assistance these "anti-preparedness" people are giving to German plotters against our national peace? Will not you protest against the sending away of our few defenders, miles from their posts, leaving exposed to the plotters the at least a part of our most developed portions of this country? Let the West, which does not lack brave and brawny men, prove its platform by itself defending the Mexican border, without arms, if it can find a way of doing it; but at any rate, let us be deaf to its cries for help at the expense of all we in the East had dear. When they have tasted they will soon discover that a crisis like this is not to be held in restraint the at least a part of our most developed portions of this country! Let the West, which does not lack brave and brawny men, prove its platform by itself defending the Mexican border, without arms, if it can find a way of doing it; but at any rate, let us be deaf to its cries for help at the expense of all we in the East had dear. When they have tasted they will soon discover that a crisis like this is not to be held in restraint the at least a part of our most developed portions of this country!

ADA STERLING.

New York, May 15, 1916.

## What Women's Clubs Have Done.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The article headed "A Kindergarten for Women" inspires a few lines (uninspired) from one who has received much, very much, from the women's clubs of a generation ago. So far as I know, they did not "dabble in a little self-made learning about nothing in particular." A literary club poked much reading of value on different phases of early European history, and the Egyptian archeology, and an intense love of literature that has never flagged. A mothers' club took up various lines of work

that are now being considered "up-to-date," and there are many thousands who can tell with joy of the wonderful influence for good of the many clubs connected with churches of various denominations, notably the Y. P. S. C. E., to which so many women are indebted for their good knowledge of parliamentary law and ability to speak in public and conduct meetings in the endless activities now open to them. Cooperation and "team work" in the above society and in cooperating with the Y. M. C. A. have been of inestimable value to many, whether in the line of politics, religion or social service. "Preparedness" in a very real sense has been theirs and patriotism in action is second nature.

Your valued paper is increasing in value and we do not skip any of it in these stirring days.

E. W. H.

New York, May 24, 1916.

## PRAISE FOR THE TRIBUNE

## A New Reader Finds It the Strongest Force in New York Journalism.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I want to thank you for the benefit and pleasure I derive from The Tribune editorials. Several months ago I stopped a New York paper which I had read for fifteen years and asked my newsdealer to leave The Tribune instead, for a month, as an experiment. And so I became one of your regular readers.

Of course, both papers serve the very equally well. But what I missed in the other paper, and what I admire in yours, is the decisiveness and the uncompromising Americanism of your editorials. It does not matter that I occasionally disagree with your opinions. I do not need a newspaper to do my thinking for me. But I do need the mental stimulus of an editorial page that stands for something and has the courage of its convictions. The Tribune has "come back" and is once more what it used to be—the strongest force in New York journalism.

C. L. DE MERITT, M. D.

Hoboken, May 26, 1916.

## The Discovery of Spain.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Your editorial on artistic and general values in Spain certainly shows the universality of The Tribune's tastes and sympathies. Indeed, as you remark, what did Americans in general know but a few years ago about representatives of Spanish genius like Velasquez, Murillo, Goya and Fortuny? Sorolla did his part in awakening our artistic interest; but why not mention another genius from the land of Cervantes and Calderon de la Barca; of course, I refer to the lamented composer, Enrique Granados, whose beautiful opera "Goyescas" first saw the light in America at the Metropolitan Opera House. There seems to be no doubt that this delicate work of art, aided by the talented singers who took part in its debut, has had much to do with our "discovery" of Spain.

Finally, it is not probable that the treasures of literature and art to be found in New York's superb Hispanic Museum have had their influence in making us realize that a mine of untold wealth has been placed freely in our midst through the disinterested and farseeing liberality of an American citizen.

No one, I aver, can visit the Hispanic Museum and even over the Cervantes collections of first editions; the Velasquez, Goya, Murillo, El Greco and other works of celebrated painters; early missals and the writings of great philosophers, historians and novelists of Spain's most glorious period in history, without feeling a profound respect for the Spanish race, and a keen desire to know much more about España la heroica.

J. RICE CHANDLER.

Ridgewood, N. Y., May 22, 1916.

## How the Producers Feel.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: In reference to the letter "A Plea for Censorship" by E. Schlosser, in this morning's Tribune, I wish to say a few words on behalf of the much despised directors, who, according to Mr. Schlosser's views, must be devoid of intelligence. According to his scenarioist, they must also have all the will attributes that he so carefully keeps out of his scenario. He says: "You must know how many managers and directors are uneducated and—to put it generally—unmoral." This is a distinct libel upon the many brilliant gentlemen who are engaged in these professions. Education is one of the necessities. This is also true in case of capable scenario writers. There are many capable scenario writers, and it has been my privilege during five years of motion picture directing to read and produce the works of many, but I must confess to my ignorance I never had the honor of even reading one of Mr. Schlosser's "pure" stories.

If Mr. Schlosser's ability as a scenarioist is on a par with his knowledge of the qualifications of managers and producers I can quite understand the feelings that prompted him to assail a profession to which it is an honor to belong and which will flourish despite the "unmoral" stigma which the puny efforts of people like your correspondent try in vain to attach to it.

TRAVERS VALE.

Director World Film Corporation.

West Fort Lee, N. J., May 22, 1916.

## Pride of Preparedness.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Anybody, no matter of what nationality, could not help but feel the thrill and enjoy the pride that has been shown by so many willing workers to protect this great U. S. A. The pride that goes with the "Be Prepared" password is a far more important pride than that quoted by President Wilson—"Too proud to fight"—which is good enough for him, but not for young America. We want pride with honor, instead of peace at any price, as all our good and true Americans will show the so-called "Tories of 1916."

It is a crime against our own people and against civilization as well that the red blood running in our veins should be allowed to evaporate.

Preparedness does not mean to prepare for war and nothing else, but by being prepared in all branches, whether with pen or sword, we are much better protected than in any other way. Our people can derive the benefit from the mistakes of Great Britain and her Allies in not being prepared when the call came. The password in this country of all true Americans should be and will be "Be Prepared"—first, last and all the time.

When we select our next President for this grand American Republic, we want a man who will fear God and stand for what is right—because right is might. He will impress the entire world with the fact that this nation stands for true serenity of power, instead of a peculiar weakness that has humiliated this "land of the free" and haunted our "homes of the brave" for the past few years.

The American people appreciate the fact that the whole world needs a man who can stand foremost, who will help humanity and take advantage of the present opportunity to be useful to his fellow men.

GEORGE HOLLINGTON.

Brooklyn, May 14, 1916.